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merchant, the implements of the manufacturer and the agriculturist; a source of wealth in peace, and our defence in war. In the hour of danger they keep the enemy from our coast and "*stand a wall of fire around our loved isle.*"

Such are the public spirit and benevolence of the inhabitants of this town, that appeals to excite the passions have been unnecessary; RELIEF has always met DISTRESS, and they have been as ready to give as to receive

Some objections have been stated to the organization of the Laws of this Institution, which have much retarded its progress: great pains have been taken to obviate them, particularly as they came from gentlemen highly respectable, and warm friends to the poor. It is hoped they no longer exist, and that if the present members of the Society will lay the state of the funds before their friends, and explain their views, all will unite, with one heart and one soul, in this

LABOUR OF LOVE.  
*Liverpool, February, 1811.*

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

SERAPH; OR VANITY REPROVED.

(Concluded from page 274.)

WHEN her step-mother found fault with her, she never dared to justify herself, or speak a word in reply; this would have been reckoned the height of disobedience; she was therefore obliged to bear all in silence, though often, her heart was ready to burst.

Little Seraph was the first who seemed to sympathize in Harriet's sufferings, and in some degree to resent her injuries.

If she chanced to be seated on her mamma's lap, when the storm began, she immediately left it, and

walking over to her sister, placed herself close beside her, with her face turned towards her mamma; there she stood firm, endeavouring as it should seem, to ward off the fury of the tempest from its object, or at least determined to bear a part of it.

If she saw Harriet much affected, she climbed on her chair, and got her arms round her neck, and if a tear strayed down her sister's cheek, she immediately kissed it off. Sometimes she was ordered away from her sister; then she would, without saying a word, walk with a firm step to that part of the room which was farthest from her mother, and remain there till peace was restored. But never did these two exemplary sisters mention their mother's cruelty, either between themselves, or to any other person, nor utter one disrespectful word of her. It seemed, that without having spoken their thoughts to each other, both had determined to be silent on the disagreeable subject for ever.

Captain Lancaster saw that his wife did not love his daughter, but he had no conception of the misery she suffered in consequence of her step-mother's dislike; and Harriet would have died rather than let him know any thing that might cause him uneasiness.

Time therefore rolled on without bringing any diminution to the sufferings of Harriet; on the contrary, every year encreased her step-mother's enmity towards her. The diabolical passion of jealousy produced the most baleful effects in the mind of Mrs. L. she grew passionate, vindictive, and revengeful.

An incident occurred about this time, which though trifling in itself, we cannot pass over in silence, on account of the serious consequences produced by it.

There was in the family an old

servant called Mary Jones, who had lived with the first Mrs. Lancaster, she had ever proved herself faithful and affectionate, and had many times shewed her zeal and attachment for the family, at the hazard of her life. During the illness which terminated in the death of Mrs. Lancaster, she had deprived herself of sleep for weeks together: for no substitute could be found equal to supply her place, in the estimation of her mistress. She had attended Captain L.'s son with that care and watchful affection, which could only be equalled by a mother, and on every occasion she manifested more judgment and prudence than are usually found in a person of her station. With Mary the present Mrs. Lancaster had never been a favourite: indeed the first time she saw her, she remarked that notwithstanding her beauty, she perceived something that did not please her in her countenance. This speech of Mary's was faithfully repeated to Mrs. L. by her own woman, as was from that time every thing that was said in favour of the former, or against the present Mrs. Lancaster.

Latterly Mary Jones had discovered something of Harriet's ill-treatment, which made her almost frantic with rage and grief, and she could hardly refrain from openly reproaching her mistress.

Matters were in this situation, when one evening as Mrs. Lancaster and Harriet were dressing for a party, the former asked the latter to exchange some jewels with her for that night, as she was fond of variety in these things. Mary Jones who officiated as maid to Harriet, happened to be in the room at the time, adjusting her dress. As soon as Mrs. L. received the ornaments, (which had belonged to Harriet's mother,) she immediately decorated herself with them. Mary turned and cast

a look at her, which too plainly spoke contempt. "I perceive, Mary," said she, "you think I do not become these ornaments so well as their former owner." "I confess, madam," said Mary, "such a thought did cross my mind, as I looked at you." Anger now flashed from the eyes of Mrs. L. but she made no reply, except by reproving Harriet for something that she deemed a fault. Mary did not intend to have said more, but she now felt for Harriet, and was roused. "I never have seen, and too probably never shall see, any person so truly amiable as the former owner of these jewels," continued she, "Miss Harriet indeed comes nearer to her than any one that I know." "At least," said Mrs. L. "it appears she knew not how to treat her servants, or she would have taught you to know your place better, and not to give your tongue so much liberty in the presence of your superiors."

At this accusation Mary's choler knew no bounds;—"not know how to treat her servants," she repeated, "I wish some people knew as well to treat every one; and to conduct themselves on all occasions;" having said this, she rushed out of the room, and slapped the door after her. When she was gone, Mrs. L. complained violently to Harriet of the imperinence, the insults of Mary; in short, the breach between them seemed irreparable, and she ended by declaring, that the same house should no longer contain Mary and herself. Harriet made little reply at this time, and they proceeded to fulfil their engagement.

The next day, Mrs. L.'s wrath was rather increased than abated. Some morning visitors coming to the house, prevented any recurrence to the subject till after dinner. The Captain being gone to take his evening walk, Harriet was ordered to

carry the news of Mary's dismissal to her. "I will not, madam," answered she. "You will not," repeated her astonished step-mother. "No, I cannot, nor will not," replied she again. "'Tis very well, and very obedient, Miss, but if you will not, another person shall," said her mamma, in a passion, rising and ringing the bell; "this woman has been my pest too long, she has turned your heart against me, and may perhaps do me the same kind office with my own child." "O," said Harriet, "I declare, upon my honour, she never in her life spoke a disrespectful word of you in my presence."

Mrs. L. knew Harriet's principles too well to suppose she would have suffered any one to do so, but she wanted a pretext to justify her conduct. A man servant now came to answer the bell—"Tell Mary Jones," said Mrs. Lancaster,—"No, do not tell Mary Jones," said Harriet, scarcely knowing what she said—"I entreat, I implore you, madam, to pardon her." "Leave the room, Miss; go to your chamber instantly," said her enraged mother. Harriet rose to obey, but before she went, willing to make another effort in favour of Mary; she said, "Dear Madam, this is the first time in my life I have disobeyed your commands, I know I am wrong, but revenge not my fault, I beseech you, on poor Mary; at least, speak to my father before you discharge her."—"Do not presume to dictate to me, ma'am; I know too, that you are in the wrong; leave my presence, nor dare to aggravate me further." Harriet now left the room, and little Seraph, who had been a witness to the whole scene, was following her. "Come back, Miss," said her mother, "do not attempt to associate with one who will teach you disobedience." This was the

way most effectually to wound the feelings of Harriet, who had incessantly laboured to instil into Seraph's mind every virtuous principle.

At being prevented from accompanying her sister, Seraph began to scream violently, and her cries heightened the fury of her mother. Anger, like all the other passions, may be checked at its commencement, but if it gain admittance into the heart, what mortal can say to its tempest, "thus far shalt thou rage, and no farther." In the storm, Mary Jones was now forgotten; all Mrs. L.'s anger was directed against Harriet, whom she determined to separate for some time from her sister: this being, she well knew, the severest punishment she could inflict on her. She ran therefore in the height of her fury, and locked Harriet in her chamber; and bringing the key in her hand, shewed it to Seraph; for she felt resentment even against her, for wanting to go with her sister. At the sight of the key Seraph's cries redoubled, and her maid was ordered to put her in bed. It was with difficulty she was got past the door of her sister's room; she must stop to say how sorry she was for her confinement, and to lament that she was not allowed to share it with her.

Scarcely had Seraph's screams ceased to echo through the hall and passages, when her father returned. "Where is Harriet, my dear?" said he, as he entered the parlour, where his lady sat in gloomy dignity, "I have been making verses, but what pleases me most is the air I have composed for them, which I want Harriet to play to me." [*See the verses at the commencement of the story.*] "Mr. Lancaster," answered his wife, haughtily, "your daughter has highly offended me; I have long ceased to expect that she would

obey me, or treat me as a mother, but I have been insulted by her, and my orders to my servants, countermanded to my very face." Captain Lancaster was astonished. "I know, however," continued she, "where the root of the evil lies, and am determined to remove it: Mary Jones has manifested a rooted aversion to me, since my first coming to this house—perhaps her prejudice may have commenced even before that time; step-mothers are ever looked upon with a jaundiced eye: she has instilled her prejudice into the mind of *your* daughter, and may perhaps endeavour to do the same by *mine*; I am therefore determined to discharge her." "Why, my dear," said the Captain, "you shock me, by your account; there must be some mistake in this, allow me to enquire into the matter. Mary Jones, I am confident, could not behave as you represent." "So, I see how it is," said Mrs. L., my peace of mind is of no value; that of this servant-woman is of much more importance; but I tell you, Captain Lancaster, I can never be happy, while she is in the same house with me, and therefore I insist that she shall leave it." "You know not," said he, mildly, what that woman has done for my family. No, I can never be so ungrateful as to allow her to be turned away." "Ungrateful to a servant!" said his wife with disdain, "has she not been well paid for whatever services she may have rendered you? if she has not, pay her now, give her what money you think sufficient." "There are some services, Mrs. Lancaster," said her husband, "or rather some acts of kindness, which money can neither pay for, nor purchase; such have been those which this woman has rendered my family. Can I ever forget the care, the watchful judicious care, she took of my"—wife

he would have said, but the word stopped in his throat,—“and had it been in the power of human aid to have saved my son”—again he stopped, and turning from his lady to the window, seemed to be attentively gazing at the moon; soon after she saw him take out his handkerchief.

A man can sometimes see a woman's tears unmoved; but how hard soever a woman's heart may be, a man's tears never fail to soften it. The moment Mrs. Lancaster observed her husband so touched, her anger began to subside, and her heart to relent. "I am very sorry, my dear," said she, "that I have been the cause of uneasiness to you: I really did not think that you were so foolish with regard to this woman: let us say no more about it to-night, you know I do not wish to hurt your feelings; we will therefore settle this matter to-morrow." Harmony was again restored between the husband and wife; he thought no more of his verses for this night, nor did he enquire again for his daughter, and Mrs. L. by way of shewing her authority, determined to keep her locked up till the morning.

In the morning, Captain Lancaster was awoke by a low scream, accompanied by exclamations of surprise, near the door of his chamber; he jumped out of bed, and hurrying on his dressing gown, went to enquire what was the matter. On opening his door, he beheld all the servants assembled about Seraph, who lay half asleep in the passage at the door of Harriet's room. She had been discovered there a few minutes before, by one of the maids; who being frightened at the sight of her, screamed, so as to draw the rest together. Not knowing what to think of all this, Captain Lancaster began to ask questions, which led to a dis-

covery of Harriet's confinement. Mrs. L. immediately after produced the key, and liberated the prisoner. The two sisters now joyfully rushed into each other's arms. As soon as they descended to the parlour, Seraph seated on her sister's lap, was questioned by her father as to the situation he had found her in. "Well, my dear papa," said the child, "if you will promise not to be angry with me, I will tell you all about it; but I am sure you will not be angry, because I do not know whether I did wrong or not." "I have often told you, my dear," said her father, "that I would never blame you, even should you do an improper action, provided you did not know it to be such. Let me hear now how you came to be asleep at your sister's room-door." "Will papa be so good as to let me tell it just straight on as it happened.—You know, sir, after you went out yesterday-evening, it grew dark and unpleasant, and very gloomy; was it not, papa?" "No indeed, my dear, to me it had a very different appearance; I thought it a sweet, clear, delightful evening, there was a little wind, but not too much." "Well, how strange! I thought it melancholy and disagreeable, and very stormy." "If you felt this way, my dear, it must have been in your mind that what was unpleasant to you existed. I suppose you were in a bad temper." "I will tell you how it was, sir;—after mamma had locked up Harriet, and would not let me go with her"—"Locked up Harriet!" repeated her father. "Yes, papa, it was all about Mary Jones, you know." "Proceed in your narrative, my dear," said he, heaving a sigh. "When Harriet was locked up, I was very sorry, and then mamma ordered me to be put to bed. After I was in bed, I could not sleep, nor could I stop crying for poor Harriet, for I thought

she was like one in a prison, and she herself had told me about the poor prisoners many times. I thought too that it was a cold dull melancholy night, and poor Harriet locked up, you know, papa," (said she, wiping her eyes, for they were growing moist again, at this part of her story,) "I thought I heard her groaning and sobbing, so I could not help crying until nurse came to go to her own bed; then she comforted me, and told me that it was the wind, and not Harriet's sighs I heard; so I lay still, perhaps I slept some then, for the next thing I remember, is that I heard nurse breathe very loud, so I knew that she was sound asleep.

"Then I slipped out of bed, and felt my way to Harriet's room-door; I only just wanted to ask her if she was very unhappy, I thought she might like to have me near her. I listened for a long time at the door, and I still heard her moans." "Allow me, my dear," said Harriet, "to interrupt you for a moment, that I may set you right in this. I neither wept nor sighed, nor was in the least miserable in my confinement, I assure you; for myself I felt nothing; I was only sorry for the uneasiness occasioned to your mamma, and that there should be any disturbance in the family." "Well I did not know that you felt in this manner," said Seraph, "I thought you must pass a dreadful night, so I called to you through the door, and told you that I was there, and all how sorry I was for you. I was not sure whether or not you answered me, sometimes I thought you did"—"I never heard you, my dear," said Harriet, "I must have been asleep." "I do not recollect any thing more, but that I grew cold, and wished myself in bed; I believe I had fallen asleep soon after, but indeed, papa, I did not intend to sleep at the door, I

remember feeling cold several times, and striving to go to bed, but somehow I could not walk." "Sleep had overpowered you, my dear," said her father. He then represented to her the impropriety of leaving her bed unknown to any one; and took occasion to shew her how liable children are to be deceived by trusting to their own feeling; with several instructive lessons, which naturally flowed from her little narrative. Seraph told her story amidst a thousand caresses bestowed on her sister: before it was finished her voice was observed to grow hoarse; she however did not mind it, she was happy, and in high spirits at being once more in the arms of her sister. Towards evening, she complained of her throat, her cheeks seemed flushed, and she became feverish. Her father said he perceived she had caught cold, her mother feared it might be worse, perhaps measles, or a scarlet fever. She begged to sleep that night with Harriet, and she was too ill to be refused. This child had ever been the darling of all who knew her; never had she been beheld with indifference by any one. The superiority of intellect which one child will often possess over another, is truly astonishing: we sometimes meet with children who seem to have lived double the time in the world of others, who are nevertheless of the same age\*. This differ-

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\* Madame de Genlis gives the following account of her pupil, Mademoiselle D'Orleans, when 4 years old:—"She knew her sister was ill, and no play could divert her mind from the idea. She was playing at a game of forfeits: it fell to her lot in one instance to decide what should be done for the recovery of a pledge, when, without being prompted by any one, she ordered the person to whom it belonged, to pray to God for her sister. The impression such an idea in a child four years old, made on all present, may easily be

ence is partly owing to the nature, and partly to the education or culture of the plant; but where both unite, where the best possible culture has been bestowed on the finest plant of its species, it is wonderful how soon the human blossom may be brought to exhibit a degree of perfection.

The next morning Harriet brought the alarming intelligence to her father and mother, that Seraph's disorder seemed to be much increased; that she had passed a very disturbed night, and was now, she feared, exceedingly ill. At this information, the anxious parents were greatly alarmed, and a servant was instantly dispatched for a physician.

Consternation and terror now spread through the family; and Mary Jones, unbidden, took her station at the child's bed-side. As soon as the physician had arrived, and examined his patient, he pronounced her disorder to be scarlatina; and he feared a very bad species of it. It was attended with a considerable difficulty of breathing, which every hour increased. The next day it was judged necessary to blister her chest. The doctor's opinion was, that cold and the agitation of the child's mind during the night she had passed out of bed, had caused her indisposition. For three days the fever continued very violent, but the worst symptoms that appeared were a cough and difficulty of breathing. At length the fever began to abate; but it left her in a weak languid state, with a violent cough, and no inclination for food.

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conceived. Her sister died. It is difficult to believe that a child four years old could, for the space of two years, retain a lively and profound grief for this loss; but that she did so, every one about her can witness."

*Lessons of a Governess, by Mad. de Genlis*

Grief and melancholy appeared in every countenance in the house; even the lowest of the domestics partook in the general affliction; so much was this sweet infant beloved.

Harriet scarcely ever left the sick-chamber. But the sufferings of the wretched mother were truly pitiable, in as much as they were mixed with remorse, which is the most dreadful torture of the human mind, for she mentally accused herself of being the cause of the child's sufferings.

During the first days of Seraph's indisposition, Mrs. Lancaster took no notice of Mary Jones, who was her nurse: one day, however, on which the child seemed worse, and lower than usual, when she had remained for a long time weeping over her in an agony of despair, Mary rose from the other side of the bed, where she had been kneeling, and coming to her, took her affectionately by the hand, and said, "My dear mistress, why do you give yourself up to despair? Trust, I beseech you, in a wise providence, who can yet, if he thinks fit, restore this angel to you." "O Mary, dear Mary," said she, leaning her head on Mary's shoulder, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears, "is there any hope for me?" "O yes!" replied Mary, "there is hope, God forbid there was not." Behold how affliction humbles pride, and levels us with those whom we before affected to despise! At this assurance of Mary, Mrs. Lancaster pressed her hand, and felt more composed than she had done for many days.

This lovely infant, as she lay in her little white bed, looked like "something not of this earth's mould," her beautiful curling hair clustered over her snowy forehead; her cheeks, from the internal heat that consumed her, had now assumed the deepest dye of the rose; while

the brilliancy of her eyes shewed a spirit undaunted by all it had suffered, and not to be conquered by the keenest pang of disease. Never did a murmur escape her lips, and when her parents or friends visited her, she uniformly declared herself better, and endeavoured to make the time pass as agreeably in her sick-chamber as possible.

Yet she once during her illness told Mary Jones, that she knew she should die; saying, at the same time, that she liked the thoughts of dying very well, only she was sorry for the grief her mamma would feel. "For as heaven is a place, so much more delightful than this earth," said she, "I wonder any one would wish to stay here."

Harriet in instructing her, had not neglected religion. Her creed was simple.—She believed there was a God, who made the world, that he was wise and good; and that after death he would punish the wicked, and reward the good. This far she could understand, and no farther was required of her: her memory was not burdened by a parcel of, (to a child,) unintelligible words, to which it cannot possibly annex the proper ideas.

One day as her mamma and Harriet stood beside her bed, she made an effort to raise herself, and placing the hand of her sister in that of her mother, looked wistfully at them, and lay down again. Mrs. Lancaster burst into tears, and left the room.

On the 13th day of her illness, she appeared much changed for the worse; she was too weak to speak, and only made signs for what she wanted. Seeing her parents and sister in the room, her nurse raised her up in bed, and she signified that she wished her mother and sister to approach; she then again, in presence of her father, took the hand of Harriet, and



put it in that of her mother's, and cast her eyes to heaven. Mrs. Lancaster wept, but the child did not seem satisfied; she pointed to her mother's breast. At this Mrs. L. said, "I understand you, my dear!" May none of my readers ever experience a pang like that felt by this child-accused mother, as she repeated, "I understand you, my dear!" Then taking Harriet in her arms, she said, "she shall be my daughter!" Seraph smiled her approbation!—was laid down, and raising her eyes and hands to heaven, seemed happy.

It was now the dinner-hour, and Mrs. Lancaster seeing her so composed, suffered herself to be persuaded to go and try to take some refreshment. For some nights she had not been in bed; since the commencement of her child's illness, she had scarcely eaten any thing, and nature was now almost worn out. The sorrowful parents had left the sick-chamber about ten minutes, when they were again summoned to it. The beautiful angel still lay as they had left her, but pale as marble, her little hands and eyes were yet raised to heaven; the smile seemed still to play on her lips, but the spirit that had animated the clay was fled for ever!

Behold now the frantic grief of the wretched mother! see how she ~~raves~~ and calls aloud upon her darling, her first-born! What value does she now set upon that beauty of which she was once so vain? Behold her cheek pale and ghastly! her eyes dim and sunk with watching and weeping! her hair dishevelled! that beautiful hair of which she was once so proud! see, she tears it in handfuls from her head, and scatters it about in wild agony!—The heart-stricken father leans silently over the bed of death, no tear, no

groan escapes him; his grief seems too big for the common forms, but he has felt as great, nay a greater load before, and knows he is able to bear it. As soon as the first burst of Mrs. Lancaster's violent affliction had somewhat abated, her husband came to her, and by a kind of affectionate violence, forced her from the chamber of death to her own room: there this miserable couple spent the remainder of that wretched evening. Considering the death of his child as a dispensation of providence, which no human foresight could have prevented, the father submitted in silence: though he bore his griefs like a man, he also felt them like a man. But what was his affliction compared with that of his wife—her heart bleeding with remorse and self-reproach? for she could consider this fatal event in no other light than as an accident of which she herself had been the cause; and felt like the murderer of her child.

Before the death of this child, Captain Lancaster determined that in case such an event should happen, he would take occasion from it to give his wife an impressive lecture; for he wished, if possible, to change the whole subsequent part of her conduct, and give a new bias to her mind. But did he now, in the silence and solitude of their melancholy chamber, attempt this? No, the tender affectionate husband, seeing her already too deeply wounded, felt nothing but pity for her, offered no arguments, save those of consolation, accompanied with kindness and endearment.

In the general grief and consternation of the family, Harriet had been forgotten, the preceding evening, except by Mary Jones, who as soon as it was light the next morning, tapped at her master's room-door, to say, that she was extremely ill, and Mary

feared had caught the scarlet-fever. Now it was that poor Lancaster found himself still vulnerable—found that he had not yet lost all; but that it was in the power of fate to render him still more wretched. As he jumped out of bed his wife thought she perceived a tear streaming down his cheek; he turned to the window, and throwing up his eyes, she distinctly heard him utter, “Spare me, O God of mercy, spare me!”

The funeral obsequies were performed for Seraph while the fate of Harriet remained doubtful. Every evening during a week the trembling parent feared that the ensuing morning should behold him childless. At length, however, it pleased providence that her disorder should take a favourable turn, and she began rapidly to recover. The heart of the enraptured father now overflowed with gratitude to heaven; he no longer murmured over the past, but thanked God for his present blessings. But, ah! not so the wretched mother, she still felt “reflection’s stab.”

The first day that Harriet was able to leave her bed, she was visited by her step-mother, who taking her in her arms, gave her a truly maternal embrace; tears choked the utterance of both, but though language was denied, affection spoke in their hearts, and was easily understood. From this time forth, Mrs. Lancaster uniformly behaved to Harriet as if she had been her own child.

Indeed the change which her husband so much wished to see effected in her, was now gradually taking place: affliction made her behold objects in their true light, and estimate the things of this world according to their proper value. So true it is, that half the wisdom cannot be acquired in a life of uniform prosperity, that may

be gained from one shaded by adversity. As the poet says—

Even should misfortunes come,  
I here who sit have met with some,  
And’s thankful for them yet;  
They give the wit of age to youth,  
They make us *ken oursel*’  
They let us see the naked truth,  
The real good from ill.

Through a remote part of Captain Lancaster’s garden ran a murmuring brook, which was skirted on each side by a thick wood. As soon as Mrs. Lancaster’s grief was somewhat mellowed by time, she a little diverted her mind by giving directions about the embellishment of a spot in this wood, which she intended should be kept sacred to the memory of her departed child. She ordered some trees to be taken away, leaving a clear circular space, in the middle of which she caused an urn of the purest white marble, to be erected: round which was inscribed, in black letters, “Sacred to the memory of an early victim of affection, Seraphina Lancaster, aged four years and eight months.

This spot, which is carpeted by the softest moss, is entirely circumscribed, and shut in by tall trees, the waving foliage of which, by partly obscuring the light, gives it an awful and gloomy appearance, while the gurgling of the stream, which flows close behind their roots on one side, inspires a still and solemn feeling.

The velvet carpet is embroidered by nature’s hand with bunches of violets and water-lilies. Various wild-flowers cluster about the roots of the old trees, among which evergreens and flowering shrubs, are thickly planted.

The creeping rose, and some scarlet honey-suckles, to which Seraph had been particularly partial, were planted at the base of the urn, and in time twined their branches round it.

To this spot for the remainder of her life, did Mrs. Lancaster retire to the exercise of her devotions; to contemplate, to weep, and to purify her heart.

Three years after the decease of Seraph, Harriet was united to the man of her own and her father's choice; one who proved every way worthy of her.

Mrs. Lancaster brought her husband two boys, but never had another female child. She has spent a great part of the last twenty years of her life in reading and cultivating her mind; of beauty she thinks not, nor has she ever shewed the least symptom of vanity since the death of her beloved daughter. The fond husband declares that she is handsomer than she was when he first saw her; he says goodness speaks in every softened look, and that an enlightened mind now beams in her intelligent countenance. In short, she is now his friend and rational companion; and truly have they both experienced, that those "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

D. D.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

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METHOD OF TREATING BURNS AND SCALDS.

THERE has several times occurred to me, since the receipt of the Belfast Magazine, a thought of detailing an accidental discovery of a method of treating burns and scalds; and lately perusing something on the subject, in page 171 of the second volume, which did not exactly accord with my ideas, determined me to make the attempt.

About four years ago, I burned a small place on my thumb, which was very troublesome for several hours,

appearing red and likely to blister. I, at length spread a plaister of burgundy pitch, softened with a little oil, which I had long kept in the house to dress slight wounds, and applied it, merely because I happened to think of it, and soon forgot my burn, and when I again recollected it several hours afterwards, it immediately excited an inquiry for the cause of so speedy and unexpected relief; which, on a little reflection, was solved by the following train of reasoning. The application of fire to the flesh begins the work of dissolution, which gives the feeling of pain, which the active principle in the common air is capable of continuing, and in order to stop its progress, nothing more is necessary than the close application of any convenient substance capable of acting as a non conductor.

The convenience of the application consists in its being easily, and quickly applied; not so hard as to be uneasy to the part, nor yet so soft as to melt away with the heat of the flesh. To answer all these purposes I have adopted the admixture of an ounce of bee's wax, to four ounces of burgundy pitch, and less than a spoonful of sweet oil. Lard or fresh butter is perhaps as good as oil. In this way I have ever since, with uniform success, treated burns or scalds whenever they have happened in my family and neighbourhood. I have found this plaister equally effectual in easing the smart of a blister drawn with the Spanish fly. In every instance, where I have known it used, it immediately eases the smart, and finally heals the part affected. My own happy experience of its efficacy induces me to wish for the sake of suffering infants in particular, as well as others, that this remedy might be brought into general use, but I have hitherto neglected giving it that pub-